

A L E T T E R

FROM

L E W I S the Great,

To J A M E S the Lefs,

His Lieutenant in IRELAND.

W I T H

Reflections by way of ANSWER to the
said LETTER, or serious Contemplations at an Un-
seasonable Time.

I.

TO *James* our Lieutenant this greeting we send :
As you hope to preserve us your Patron and Friend,
As you trust to the vertue of us and your Wife,
Who leads in your absence a dissolute life ;
Now you've sold us your Land,
Obey Our Command,
As your Spouse does our *Pego* when e're it will st---,
And what I enjoyn you be sure to observe,
Since you know not to Rule, I will teach you to Serve.

II.

To reduce our new Subjects, we sent you 'tis true,
But be sure take upon you no more than your due ;
Submit to the Fetters your self have put on,
You've the Name of a King but the Majesties gone.
For your bold Son-in-Law,
The valiant *Nassau*,
Who values not you nor my self of a straw,
Will neither be cullied nor bubbled like you,
I've a Prospect already of what he will do.

III.

Let not Infant or Bedrid your pity implore,
You've lost all your Kingdoms by that heretofore,
A Hereticks life like a Dog's I do prize,
Murther all that oppose you, or 'gainst you dare rise :
They were Subjects to you,
Therefore make 'em all rue,
And either give them, or I'll give you your due :
I acknowledge your folly has made me more wise,
I see with my own, and not Jesuits eyes.

IV.

These Courtes in *Ireland*, I charge you to steer,
In the Head of your Army be sure to appear,
You're a Souldier of Fortune and fight for your pay,
You know your reward, if you once run away ;
Either Conquest or Death,
I to you bequeath,
And therefore prepare for a Shroud or a Wreath :
So thus I commit you to one of the Two,
If I see you no more hete, I bid you adieu.

A

Reflecti-

Reflections on the LETTER, &c.

To the same Tune.

I.

WHEN that Remnant of Royalty *Jemmy* the Cully,
Had receiv'd this Epistle from *Lewis* the Bally,
His Countenance chang'd, and for madness he cry'd,
I've the Devil to my Friend, and his Dam to my Bride ;
Sure I am the first
That's in all things accurst,
Nor can I determine which Plague is the worst,
That of losing my Realms or the News I've receiv'd,
Which from any Hand else, I cou'd ne're have believ'd.

II.

I find they agreed when for *Ireland* they sent me,
And if I knew how, 'tis high time to repent me ;
I've abandon'd my reason to pleasure a Trull,
Who has made me her Bubble, her Cuckold and Fool ;
We're all in the Pit,
Our designs are best---t,
And hither I'm sent to recover my Wit :
If this be the fortune proud *Este* does bring,
Wou'd I'de been a Tinker instead of a King.

III.

How or which way to turn me, or whither to go,
By the Faith of a Jesuit I'm a Dog if I know ;
For this going to War I do mortally hate,
Tho' of Sieges and Battles I ever cou'd prate ;
I thought I had Valour,
But I find it was Choler,
Tho' thirty years I have been *Lewis's* Scholar ;
I've trac'd all his Policies, Maxims and Rules,
By which I've attain'd to be chief of his Fools.

IV.

Had I courage to dye I'de refuse to survive,
I'm buried already altho' I'm alive,
My Story's like that of unfortunate *Jack*,
I've shuffled and cut till I've quite lost the Pack :
He that trusts to the Pope,
No better must hope,
Or to *Lewis* or she whom that Pagan does grope :
For no Monarch must ever expect a good Life,
Who is rid by a Priest, or a damn'd Popish Wife.

V.

May *Lewis* succeed me in all Circumstances,
His Arms unsuccessful where e're he advances,
May his ill gotten Laurels be blasted and dry,
May a Shrowd be deny'd him when e're he does dye ;
May his Land be o're-run,
By that Champion our Son :
So I'll close up with her who that mischief begun ;
May the Curse of three Kingdoms for ever attend her,
While to *WILLIAM* and *MART* my Crown I surrender.

F I N I S.